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"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode # 38

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T.

NOVEMBER 3, 1952

THURSDAY

Orchestra: Ranger Song.

Announcer: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

Orchestra: Quartet.

Announcer: Well, folks, here we are back on the Pine Cone District of the National Forest, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are on the job managing and protecting the forest resources. As you know, livestock are grazed on the national forest ranges under permit from the Forest Service, and the rangers are always on the job to see that the grazing is managed in such a way that the ranges will continue to be always productive and so that the value of the vegetation on the ranges for protecting the watersheds and preventing the washing away of soil will not be impaired. At this time of year, the cattle outfits on the national forest ranges are apt to be busy with their round-ups, and as we tune in on the Pine Cone District now, we find Ranger Jim and Jerry coming in to one of the cow-camps after a hard day's riding on an inspection tour of the ranges. --

(Sound Of Horses Walking)

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Orchestra: Ranger Song.

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Orchestra: Quartet.

Announcer: Well, folks, here we are back on the Pine Cone

District of the National Forest, where Ranger Jim Robbins and his

young assistant, Jerry Quirk, are on the job managing and

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grazed on the national forest ranges under permit from the Forest

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the cattle outfits on the national forest ranges are apt to be

busy with their round-ups, and as we tune in on the Pine Cone

District now, we find Ranger Jim and Jerry coming in to one of

the cow-camps after a hard day's riding on an inspection tour of

the ranges. --

(Sound of Horses Walking)

Jim: I guess that's the Bar-O outfit's camp up ahead there, Jerry.

Jerry: Yeah, I guess so. -- Say, that camp fire sure looks pretty from here, doesn't it?

Jim: Yep. So it does.

Jerry: It'll feel good to warm up by that fire too, Jim. It's getting pretty crisp these nights.

JIM: Yep. (Clucks to horse) Step up, Dolly. --

Jerry: Giddap, Spark.

Jim: (Calls) Hallo, there --

Voice: (Off) Who's a-comin'?

Jim: (Raising Voice) Better look to your P's and Q's over there.

(Chuckles)

Voice: (Off) It's Ranger Jim!

(Chorus of "Hello Jim," "Hi Ranger," Etc., Slightly off)

Jim: Howdy, boys. -- Whoa now, Dolly -- Whoa, girl --

Jerry: Whoa, Spark (Sound of Horses Stops)

Jim: Well, how you coming with your round-up?

Chuck: Pretty good, Jim. Them cows sure kin be ornery though when it comes to hidin' out in the gullies.

Shorty: Yeah, an' some of them Lazy T stock's been runnin' with ourn an's got to be cut out.

Jim: (Chuckles) Well, I reckon you boys'll handle it all right. -- Did you find any of your Bar-O Stock over 'cross the canyon?

Chuck: No.

I guess that's the Bar-O outfit's camp up ahead there.
 Jerry.
 Yeah, I guess so. -- Say, that camp fire sure looks
 pretty firm here, doesn't it?
 Yeah. So it does.
 It'll feel good to warm up by that fire too, Jim.
 It's getting pretty crisp these nights.
 Yeah. (Clunks to horse) Step up, Dolly. --
 Giddyap, Spark.
 (Gallops) Hello, there --
 (Off) Who's a-comin'?
 (Raising Voice) Better look to your P's and Q's over
 there.
 (Clunkles)
 (Off) It's Ranger Jim!
 (Chorus of "Hello Jim," "Hi Ranger," etc., slightly off)
 Howdy, boys. -- Whos now, Dolly -- Whos, girl --
 Whos, Spark (Sound of Horses Stops)
 Well, how you coming with your round-ups?
 Pretty good, Jim. Them cows sure kin be ornery though
 when it comes to hidin' out in the gulches.
 Yeah, an' some of them Lazy T stock's been runnin'
 with ourn an's got to be cut out.
 (Clunkles) Well, I reckon you boys'll handle it all
 right. -- Did you find any of your Bar-O stock over
 across the canyon?
 No.

Jim: Well, I saw four head over there today. I reckon I can tell you how you can find 'em in the morning. -- Say, boys -- maybe all of you aint acquainted with Jerry Quick here yet -- he's my assistant ranger on this district now.

Jerry: Glad to know you, fellows.

Jim: That's Ken Swift over there, Jerry. I reckon they named him Swift 'cause he's so slow getting around on that roan cayuse of his -- eh, Ken? (LAUGHTER) And that's Shorty there -- he aint much as a cow hand, they tell me, but he's kinda handy when it comes to playin' a guitar. (MORE LAUGHTER)

CHUCK: (CHUCKLING) Shorty fell offa his horse today, Jim.

SHORTY: (HUFFY) I never neither. My horse went down with me, that's what. Durn near broke 'er leg in a squirrel hole. (MORE LAUGHTER)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well -- and here's Jig Jones -- I don't know anything special to recommend him. Do you, fellows? (LAUGHTER) -- And this is Chuck Bone, Jerry. -- Chuck claims he can ride any broncho that's got four legs -- huh, Chuck?

CHUCK: Sure I can.

JERRY: I'd sure like to get some pointers on riding from you, Mr. Bone.

CHUCK: Aint you rid much?

JERRY: Well, I hadn't ridden much before I came on this job, you see. Jim has been breaking me in pretty hard, though.

Jim:

Well, I saw four head over there today. I reckon I
can tell you how you can find 'em in the morning. --
Say, boys -- maybe all of you ain't acquainted with
Jerry Quick here yet -- he's my assistant ranger on
this district now.

Jerry:

Glad to know you, fellows.

Jim:

That's Ken Swift over there, Jerry. I reckon
named him Swift 'cause he's so slow getting around on
that poor excuse of his -- eh, Ken? (LAUGHTER)
And that's Shorty there -- he ain't much of a cow hand,
they tell me, but he's kinda handy when it comes to
playin' a guitar. (MORE LAUGHTER)

Chuck:

(CHUCKLING) Shorty tell ole his horse today, Jim.
(BUTTY) I never neither. My horse went down with me,
that's what. Damn near broke 'er leg in a squirrel
hole. (MORE LAUGHTER)

Jim:

(CHUCKLING) Well -- and here's Big Jones -- I don't
know anything special to recommend him. Do you,
fellows? (LAUGHTER) -- And this is Chuck Bone.
Jerry, -- Chuck claims he can ride any bronco that's
got four legs -- huh, Chuck?

Chuck:

Sure I can.

Jerry:

I'd sure like to get some pointers on riding from

Chuck:

you, Mr. Bone.

Jerry:

Well, I hadn't ridden much before I came on this job,
you see. Jim has been breaking me in pretty hard,
though.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, Jerry was kinda green about handling a horse when he first came on the district here. (CHUCKLES) I remember, first time he saw me putting the saddle on Dolly, he asked me why my horse had to wear corsets. (LAUGHTER)

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Aw now, Jim, I wasn't that bad --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, mebbe not. -- Anyway, Jerry's got so's he can handle a horse first rate now. I wouldn't be scared to see him tackle any old cayuse in the county.

JERRY: Better not claim too much for your pupil, Jim.

CHUCK: Say, you fellows had yer supper? I guess we et up everything we had fixed up, but Shorty here kin fix yuh a cupa coffee or somethin' --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I sorta figured you boys'd scrape the pot clean if you ever got loose on it -- so Jerry and I had our supper, Chuck. -- We ate some grub we had with us, a little while back.

CHUCK: Where yuh sleepin' tonight?

JIM: Well, we've got our bed rolls with us, and I reckon we'll bed down right here -- if it won't be crowdin' you boys too much.

CHUCK: Crowdin' us? (CHUCKLING) Well, we kin squeeze yuh into the guest room -- It's kinda small, though -- only stretches from here to Cloud Peak. And the sky's the ceiling.

JIM: Well, that ought to give us room to unroll the beds in.

CHUCK: Don't put 'em too close to Shorty, though. He snores.
SHORTY: I don't neither.
CHUCK: You do so. You kin play more tunes in one night than a phonygraph.

(LAUGHTER)

CHUCK: Speakin' o' playin' tunes, git that music box of yours, Shorty. We oughta have a couple o' songs.

SHORTY: Sure.

CHUCK: Shorty says he knows five hundred songs.

SHORTY: Sure I do.

CHUCK; But he sings 'em all to the same tune (LAUGHTER)
-- Come up by the fire here, Jim -- you an' yer pardner --

JIM: Jerry and I'll look after our horses first, Chuck
-- while Shorty's gettin' tuned up.

CHUCK: Sure. Kin I help yuh?

JIM: (GOING OFF) We can take care of 'em, thanks, Chuck.

(FADE OUT WITH A FEW CHORDS STRUMMED ON GUITAR)

(PAUSE)

(FADE WITH A FEW CHORDS OF GUITAR)

CHUCK: Come on, boys, let's git going on somethin' here --

(SHORTY LEADS OFF, QUARTET PICKS UP AND SINGS A GOOD LIVELY COWBOY SONG. SUGGESTED: A few verses of "Come a Ki-Yi Yippy" or "The Old Chisholm Trail," or of "Git Along Little Dogies")

CHUCK: Whoopee! -- All right now, Shorty -- You give us one.

(SHORT COWBOYS BALLAD, IF AVAILABLE, -- SOLO, WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)

CHUCK: There y'are. -- Hey now, Ranger Jim, how 'bout you givin' us one?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Me? Singin' aint my special line, Chuck.

CHUCK: Aw, go ahead. (CHORUS OF "GO AHEAD JIM", ETC.)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, -- see if you can stay with me on this one, Shorty. -- (SINGS WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)

I'm a rambling old Ranger, and far from my home,
And if people don't like me they can leave me alone;
Oh, I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry,
And if nothin' don't happen, I'll live till I die.
(The tune of this is easy: First line is same as first line of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms;" second line is same as second line of "Mother Machree;" third line same as first; fourth line same as second, except it ends on keynote)

(APPLAUSE)

CHUCK: Hooray for Ranger Jim! -- How 'bout yer pardner, Jim? You give us one, Jerry -- huh?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Gosh, I'm not much when it comes to singing, Chuck. I guess I better keep on being a listener.

CHUCK: Well, then you give us another, Jim.

JIM: I reckon I've sung my song, Chuck. How would you like to have me make you a speech instead?

SHORTY: Hey, no speechifying in this camp!

CHUCK: Speech, huh? -- Goin' to tell us to be careful about smokin' again, Jim?

JIM: Nope. I guess you boys've been around this forest long enough now to know when it's safe to smoke and when it isn't -- and how to keep from starting a forest fire. But I have a sort of handkerin' to tell you boys what this Ranger business is all about. --

CHUCK: All right, go to it, Jim.

JIM:

Well, I've been riding the national forest trails for twenty-five years now, boys. I came to this job of Forest Ranger a young fellow without much experience but with high ideals. Twenty-five years of hard work on the Forests have brought me a lot of experience, but they haven't shaken my faith in those ideals a bit. I still see the Forests as one of God's greatest gifts to mankind, serving us in an infinite number of ways, and asking only our care and protection to enable them to keep on serving us always. As a young Ranger, I thought it would be easy to make everybody else see the forests the same way, and stop being careless and indifferent about doing the things that damage them. But I've learned since that some folks don't change their ways so easily. A lot of folks still go on being careless with fire in the woods, and never stop to think that the forests must be kept growing if they are to continue to serve us.

I've learned to love these forests more and more. For twenty-five years I've worked for them and fought to protect them. And I'm still fighting. -- Do you realize what these forests of ours mean to us? They give us wood for our homes and for our industries, and for thousands of uses; they cradle our great rivers at their birth, and help to provide us with steady and abundant supplies of pure water; they give shelter to our bird and animal friends;

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they offer us a refuge from the dizzy whirl of modern life, a chance to play, and a chance to keep up our acquaintance with our good old Mother Nature. They give us the kind of beauty and inspiration that makes life worth living.

If we neglect our forests, if we fail to protect them, we have left only barren waste. If we care for them, if we help them to renew themselves, if we guard them against fire and misuse, they will continue to serve us for all time.

I want you boys to love the forests as I do. It isn't a blind, sentimental love. It's a practical sort of love, you see, that makes me want to work for my forests, to make them better, to help them give their best for our own and our country's good. I think everybody will come to love the forests as I do. And when everybody is ready to do his part for the forests' welfare, and to make sure that no act of his will do the forests harm, I'll be ready, when the time comes, to hit the trail over the Great Divide with a song in my heart.

The forests extend their services to us all; their benefits go far beyond their boundary lines, and continue through the years to come. And so we Rangers guard them in the interests of all. We try to grow forests for the years; we work for the "forests that long shall endure;" we try to give "service immortal and sure."

(PAUSE)

(SHORTY STARTS TO STRUM GUITAR SOFTLY)

JERRY: (FEELINGLY) Say, Jim -- that was -- great --

(CONTINUE GUITAR STRUMMING SOFTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, that was something worth listening to. --
Ranger Jim, there with the cowboys around the campfire,
has given us something to think about. He's told us
a little about what he is working for, what the
protection and development and wise management of our
forests means to us, and to our country's welfare. --

(QUARTET STARTS COWBOY SONG, SOFTLY)

ANNOUNCER: (WITH QUARTET IN BACKGROUND) Now the boys have cut
loose with another song. -- Listen --

(QUARTET, UP, FINISHES SONG)

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a
presentation of the National Broadcasting Company,
with the cooperation of the United States Forest
Service. Tune in at this same hour next Thursday,
when the Rangers will be with us again.

is/11:45 A.M.
Nov. 1, 1932

